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Dean/Castiel/Sam, NC-17, staying inside after orgasm/marathon sex/double penetration/shower sex

They've found the best thing about Cas: his stamina goes on for fucking *miles*. It means they both need to get involved in satisfy him, and it means that the sex is a full-night affair (or longer!) and they're all aching and sore and satisfied when it's over.

This is how it goes: battered and bruised and filthy from a hunt, Dean parks at the hotel they're leaving soon now that the hunt is over and gets out of the car. He lets Cas get out, then kisses him, presses him up against the side of the car as he licks deep into his mouth and get his hands under that trenchcoat, ruts against Castiel's leg. It's everything to do with being alive to hurt and ache and it's relief that he's trying to communicate in his touches, along with everything sweet he can never say out loud.

Castiel lets him, holds on right back, and Sam curses at them as he lugs their equipment inside, tosses a bag at Dean's head on the last trip.

That's Dean's cue to let go of Castiel long enough to lock up the Impala and grab the bag and lead them all inside for the night. Castiel is a storm gathering behind him, annoyed at the interruption but understanding the needs of his all-too-fragile humans (never ever *ever* have sex on gravel, especially not with Castiel) and it's Sam who gets pinned to the wall while Dean sheds his clothes, and they still haven't really started, not until Dean gets the shower running hot. There's only so much Sam can do while clothed, and kisses and groping touches aren't enough for Castiel, so he wrestles Castiel's clothes off and gets him into the bathroom and aims him at Dean while he washes off the first layer of grime with the help of the sink.

For the sake of Dean's ego Castiel lets Dean bend him over and thrust in, thrusting hard and fast and it's almost enough, but this is Castiel, angel of the Lord, and it takes Sam getting into the shower and pressing fingers in with Dean's dick to send him to his first orgasm. (always a reminder to the first one he had with them, the first time they found out that it was barely minutes before he was hard again, ready for more)

Dean's tilting his head into the water as Sam angles in, and it's almost too-tight, too much when Sam pushes his proportionate dick in with Dean's, but Castiel arches in a groan, and if there was ever a better way to work off the post-hunt adrenaline they haven't found it.

It's long minutes before Dean pulls out and finishes washing himself, and the water's cold by the time Sam's pulled out and pushed Cas into Dean's arms while he finishes rinsing.

Dean towels himself and Castiel off in between kisses, and Castiel's still flushed and hard and Dean's trying to decide if they're going to make it fast or slow for Castiel tonight. It'll go on for hours either way, but does he want the hard and fast rush of intense sex that leaves them all with fresh bruises and sore spots, or does he want to go slow and steady, with he and Sam trading off shifts with Castiel, resting or sleeping while the other pins Castiel down and makes it a long slow fuck - both of the ideas are tempting, and Dean still hasn't decided when Castiel shoves him down on the bed and thrusts in.

It hurts, but Dean's glad for it, clawing at the bed as Castiel bites the back of his neck and explains to him that he wants the hard and intense way tonight, and that Dean's going to give it to him. (Castiel's always demanding during sex, always ready to push back to make it better and get his way, and Dean's never going to admit how hard it makes him to hear Castiel's voice go even lower in that demanding growl)

Sam hits the lights and turns on the bedside lamp as Dean comes, and then he's the one to drag Castiel off of Dean and guide Castiel into his already lubed hole. Dean rests as Castiel whispers words Dean doesn't want to understand (forgivenessloveunderstanding, everything Sam wants that Dean can never say with words) as he rocks into Sam.

Dean fishes out the lube from the nightstand after he's caught his breath and pushes a slick finger into Castiel.

Sam grunts when Castiel speeds up, and Dean grins over Cas' shoulder at him as he finishes the prepping.

Sam's orgasm is what Dean was waiting for, and then he pushes back into Castiel, holding his hips steady as he trusts, not letting Castiel out of Sam just yet. There's nothing quite like feeling Castiel harden while he's still inside you, and Dean's happy to let Sam have that tonight.

Dean settles into an easy rhythm with his arms around Castiel and yes - this is how his nights should be. The satisfaction of another monster dead and gone, and the night spent with what's his to guard and be protected by -

Dawn is a long way off, but Dean's already home.